ULTIMATE

ELEKTRA®

ISSUE 5

DEVIL'S DUE: PART 5

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PREVIOUSLY

ULTIMATE ELEKTRA

"DEVIL'S DUE" part 5 of 5

Elektra Natchios is forced to stand by as her father makes a deal with her unscrupulous cousins, Paul and Leander. In exchange for rebuilding the family's destroyed laundromat, the cousins take control of the business and use it to launder the dirty money earned from their criminal activities with Wilson Fisk, the Kingpin of Crime.

But the cousin's accountant, Kenneth Cullen, threatens to take his ledger—which contains records of the crimes committed by the cousins and Fisk—to turn state's evidence. Elektra tries to recover the ledger to clear her father's debt, but Fisk is through playing around. He sends a bullseye-tattooed assassin named Poindexter to gun down Cullen, right in front of Elektra!

Using her martial arts cunning, Elektra escapes. Poindexter phones the police to try to pin the murder on her, but the plan goes awry when the police ignore the visibly shaken Elektra and arrest her father for murder! Fisk's plans take another turn for the worse when Cullen's lawyer, Walter Savage, reveals he has photocopied the ledger and threatens to blackmail the Kingpin himself!

Meanwhile, Elektra's blind ex-boyfriend Matt Murdock, whose enhanced senses let him "see" with radar-accuracy, has begun his own investigation. His trail leads him to Elektra, and the duo resolve to put their differences aside...at least until they can clear the Natchios name.

Elektra and Matt learn that Poindexter is already on his way to kill Savage and take the ledger. The two race to stop him, and in a dramatic confrontation, Savage is killed and Poindexter escapes with the lawyer's briefcase.

But the ledger isn't actually there...Elektra finds the document taped to Savage's chest and terminates her partnership with Matt—by knocking him out! Leaving him at the crime scene, Elektra makes her move to end things...*her way.*

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Ultimate Elektra No. 5, February, 2005. Published Miniseries by MARVEL COMICS, a division of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 10 East 40th Street, New York, NY 10016.

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$2.25 per copy in the U.S. and $3.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand; Canadian Agreement #40668537. **Printed in Canada.** ALLEN LIPSON, Chief Executive Officer and General Counsel; AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; ALAN FINE, President & CEO Of Toy Biz and Marvel Publishing; DAVID BOGART, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Joe Maimone, Advertising Director, at jmaimone@marvel.com or 212-576-8534.

Look very closely.

What do you see?

Nothing.

Absolutely. Nothing.

And why is that, Poindexter?

Look, the cops were on me. The little darlin' with the pitchforks was on me. The blind guy--

I just did the job and got--

You--

--did not--

--do the job.

All of you--except Poindexter--find the girl, and find the ledger.

Begin with Leander Natchios. He's related to her in some way.

FISHKILL CORRECTIONAL FACILITY, STATE OF NEW YORK. JULY 31.

"I think *family* may prove to be the key to this."

CORRECTIONAL FACILITY AREA

DO NOT PICK UP HITCHHIKERS

Hi, Dad.

Elektra. It's so *good* to see you.

Are you *well?*

I'm *fine.* Dad, I'm really, really *sorry* about everything that's happened.

I can't believe how *badly* I've messed everything up.

Elektra, it wasn't *you* who accepted a loan from Leander and Paul.

HIOS

But everything *since* then has been me.

It's *my* fault you're in here, facing *trial* for murder.

So it's up to *me* to put things *right.*

Elektra, *no!*
Back in your *seat,* prisoner.
I *forbid* it!
You're not to have any more to *do* with those men.
You'll only sink *deeper* into their world--until you can't find a way *out* of it!
I can't let you pay for my *mistakes,* Dad. I've got something that might make *everything* okay--
--if I can get it back to where it *belongs.*
Oh, and I'll be needing some stuff from the *store.* I hope you don't *mind.*
Elektra, I said *no.*
Whatever you're going to *do,* just--
--*leave* it.
Before it's too *late.*

KLUD

Okay, I'm asking you *again,* Natchios. Politely.

Where *is* she?

Uhhhhh!

I'm telling you the *truth.* I don't *know.*

You should ask *Dimitris.* Elektra is his *daughter.*

This is for crushing *nuts,* right?

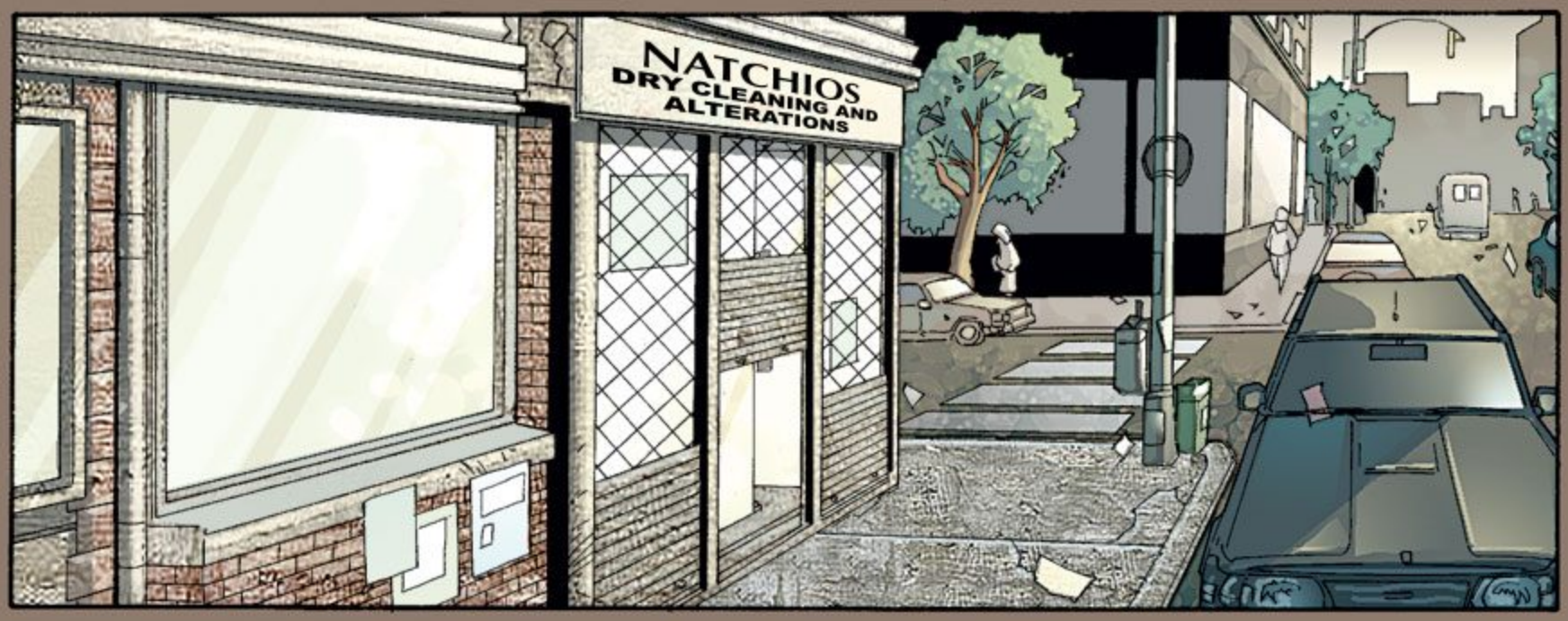
Gotta *admire* that design. I bet it gets the job *done,* all right.

Oh God, they're staying with *relatives* on Mason!

And they've got a *store* a couple of blocks from here! A *dry-cleaning* store! Please, Marco--

'Course, you can't crush *nuts* where there ain't any nuts there to *start* with.

Thanks, Natchios. You're a *pal.*


NATCHIOS
DRY CLEANING AND
ALTERATIONS

PERCHLOROETHYLENE
EXTREMELY
TOXIC. DO NOT
BREATHE
FUMES

TING A LING

Door was *open.*

How *about* that.

Take a good look *around.*

Man, I'd like to meet the lady left *this* behind.

She'd roll over you like a *tank.*

Yeah, well, you wouldn't hear *me* complaining.

Wouldn't hear *anything* with that kind of insulation.

Anything?

Nada.

But someone's *been* here-- and they left in a *hurry.*

Let's try the *apartment.* You got the address?

Sure.

We can *walk* it from here.

"Thank you for agreeing to ***see*** me, Mister Natchios.

"I'm sorry it had to be under such ***grim*** circumstances."

I don't want to ***add*** to your troubles, but the truth is--I'm ***worried*** about Elektra.

I think she may be in ***trouble.***

So--I was wondering--if you've ***seen*** her.

If you know where she ***is*** right now.

Why are you ***asking?***

And why should I ***tell*** you?

Mister Natchios, I *care* about Elektra.

I know her feelings for *me* have changed, but I don't want to see her get *hurt.*

She's an *amazing* woman. She *feels* things very deeply.

But sometimes--if I can put it like this--that can make her *reckless.*

And you--you would *help* her?

I'd *try* to, yes.

On your *honor?* Before God?

Before *God.*

She came here three *hours* ago. She said she was going to put things *right.*

She talked about--giving everything back to its rightful *owners.*

Oh, no.

Incoming.
Yeah, I *see* her.
Man, is *she* a long way from home.
This is private *property,* lady.
You want to tell us who you are and what you're *doing* here?
Well, my name is Phoebe *McAllister.*
I'm from *Texas*--
--and I'm sort of the *decoy.*

DELACOURT'S

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

UKKKK!

Thanks for the *assist,* Phoebe.

You'd better get *clear* now. Fast.

What about *you?*

I'll be *fine.*

Go.

TING

22

TCHIK
TCHIK
TCHIK
TCHIK
TCHIK

Once people have got *this* far, I usually allow them to state their *case.*

But the *guns* are not acceptable.

I'm Elektra *Natchios.*

I've got something that *belongs* to you--

--so I came here to give it *back.*

Thank you. But as you *said*, these were mine already.

As a general rule, the *reward* for returning stolen property doesn't extend to the *thief*.

What about the thief who *steals* from the thief?

Go on.

I took this from a crooked *lawyer*--a man named Walter *Savage*.

I thought--maybe you could see this as an *opportunity*. Since it's only a *copy*, and looseleaf--

--*you* could decide which pages the D.A. gets to *see*.

You could even *manufacture* a few.

If there are some people you still didn't buy *Christmas* gifts for.

I admire your entrepreneurial *zeal*, Miss Natchios.

Thank you.

So-- about that *reward*--

I want my *father's* page to be one of the ones the police *don't* see.

And I want you to arrange for the *charges* against him to be dropped.

The first is *easy.* The second--possible, but *not* so easy.

The most *convenient* outcome would be for Cullen's *real* killer to be apprehended.

Mister Poindexter--

--a moment of your *time.*

Right *here,* Mister Fisk. You gonna give me another shot at--?

Oh, will you look at *that* now.

I think this reduces itself to letting the best man *win.*

Unless you have any *objections,* Miss Natchios?

Only to the *phrasing.*

It's kind of *sexist.*

Right.

Ready when *you* are.

I like your ***style,*** missy. You're fun to ***play*** with.

But my good ***name's*** my only treasure.

So I hope you'll not take this ***personally.***

This isn't a fight you can run *out* of, darlin'. Even if there was anywhere to run *to.*

I'll make this *quick.*

Thanks--

That's exactly where I *need* you to be.

BLAM BLAM BLAM

KOF! KOF!

HKKKKKK!

Perchloroethylene. Perc. It's a *dry-cleaning* chemical.

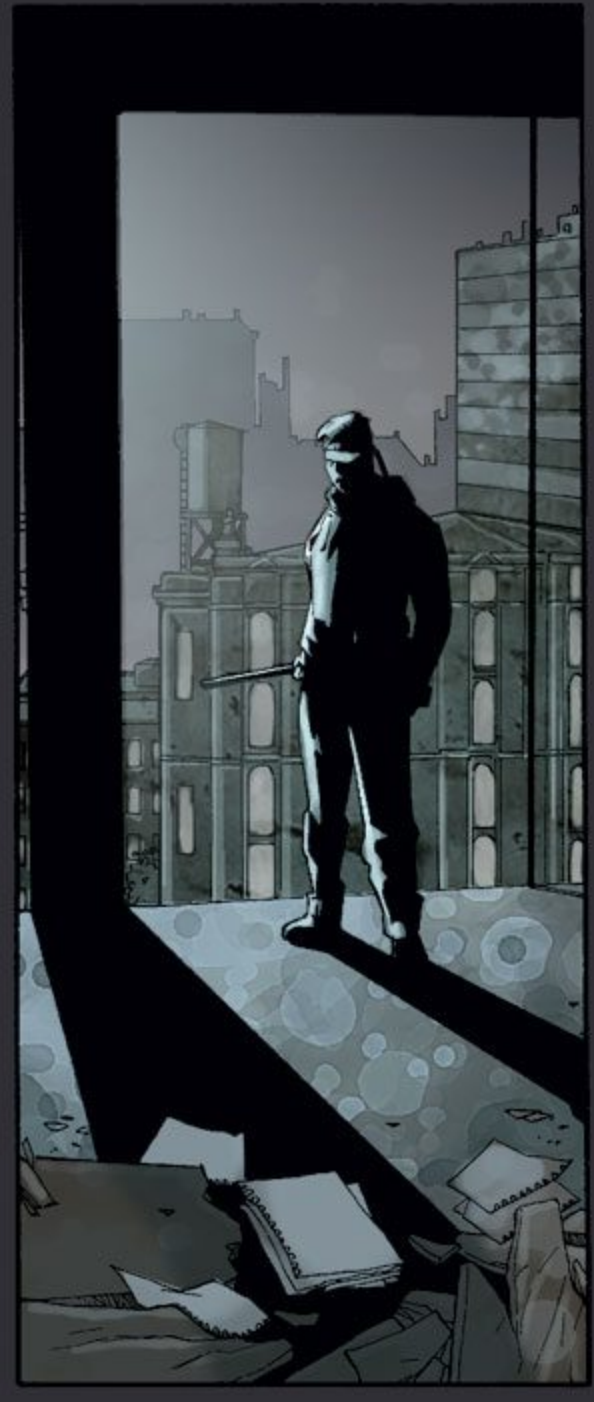
I saw what just a *little* of it did to my dad when he didn't *dilute* it enough.

It works on the central *nervous* system, apparently.

Nader is trying to get it *banned.*

You might consider a change of ***career*** at some point, Miss Natchios. If you do--

--keep me in ***mind.***



Is **this** the face of a killer? The D.A. thinks yes, and he's already **indicted** Benjamin Poindexter on five counts of murder one--

JERSEY CITY MASSACRE

--after an anonymous **tip-off** brought police to this 110th Street office building, and unearthed dramatic new **evidence** in the case that has come to be called the **Jersey City Massacre.**

JERSEY CITY MASSACRE

Others arrested include Queens businessmen Leander and Paul **Natchios,** who were apparently about to leave the **country** when they were picked up by police at J.F.K. airport.

JERSEY CITY MASSACRE

But all of this is **good** news for another member of the family--Dimitris Natchios--who had previously been charged with those **same** killings.

Nothing. Please.

Nothing to **say.**

Now he's **free,** and back with--

JERSEY CITY MASSACRE

CLICK

Khhhhhhhhh

Hai!

TUMP TUMP THUD

Do you spend **all** your evenings hanging around women's **gyms,** Matt?

I **worry** about you sometimes.

I worry about you **too,** Elektra.

Hence my little *gift.*

After I listened to Cullen's ***tapes***--before I ***came*** to you--

--I went down to ***City Hall.*** I pulled all the ***paperwork*** I could find on your dad's store.

The third one down is a deed of ***gift.*** I doubt your dad ***knew*** what he was signing.

But he'd made the store over into ***Leander's*** name--lock, stock and ***coat*** hangers.

The ***murder*** charge wouldn't have stuck. Same M.O.--same head shot--in a dozen ***other*** murders, from here to Chicago.

And with ***this,*** we could've shown that he wasn't involved in Fisk's ***money***-laundering operation.

So whatever deal you ***made*** with Fisk, you didn't ***have*** to. You could've done it another way--

--and come away ***clean.***

CLICK

END